

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN BALASORE

NEWS FROM OUR LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXX

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 2

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Suggestion

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

I CANNOT tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

He goes his way, I mine; we seldom meet
To talk of plans or changes, day by day,
Of pain or pressure, triumphs or defeat,
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

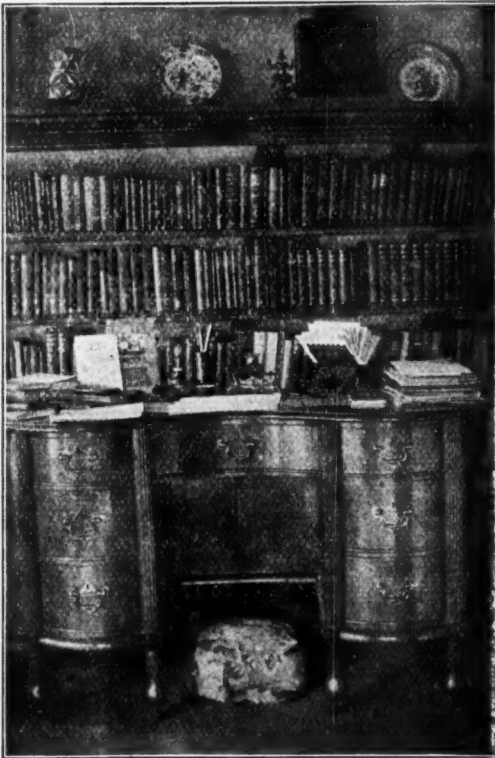
We are too busy even to spare thought
For days together of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps, just then, my friend has fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, a decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right—
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

Friend, do the same for me! If I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer, as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.

—Selected.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



AMONG the beautiful greetings and remembrances, from many States and several countries, that came to the desk during the holidays, none gave the editor such joy of heart as the greeting from India which appears in this number under "From the Field." Soon afterward, our children's missionary shared with the inmates of the sanctum the following, from a teacher in the Christian High School, Balasore: "Dear Miss Barnes: I, on behalf of my sisters whom you are acquainted with, send you and the ladies of the Woman's Board most hearty greetings for the evangelization of the heathen of our land, many of whom still live in deep soul-darkness and sin. It is your joy and duty to uphold us in your constant prayer

that we may be a means of bringing souls to the knowledge of Jesus. What better gift is there than the greetings of souls brought to the light of the Gospel?" Miss Barnes adds: "That does not sound as if it came from a man who was once a Hindu, does it? Oh, the joy of winning these brothers and sisters in India to Christ is great. God bless them." . . . Another gift which brought happiness was one which will help make possible that of which our Balasore brother wrote—the evangelization of those who still live in soul-darkness. It was the promise, from a gentleman in the far West, of a contribution each year toward the foreign work of the W. M. S., beginning with fifteen dollars. The same friend has other generous plans for the future. . . . Dr. J. M. W. Farnham wrote, from Shanghai, China: "The MISSIONARY HELPER comes to us regularly with its encouraging and cheery words. I always wish when I see it that I could do something to help in your noble work." . . . All can help us by their prayers. Let us not forget that this is the month of prayer and praise, when we ask God to especially bless the workers and the work, throughout the denomination, as well as that for which as a society we are particularly responsible. . . . Some of our readers think that

our little magazine presents the bright side too much ; is too optimistic. In two of the following pages we take a look into the darkness. Oh, but we *know* that side. Its horrors make us shudder and hide our faces. To look too long or too frequently would unfit us for work. Let us look upward and press forward, *drawing the less enlightened and the less fortunate after us*, by our love, prayer, work, gifts ; as Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." . . . The light shines brightly from the tapers of our Little Light Bearers, does it not ? We have recently seen a charming picture of three new members of the Cradle Roll in Manchester, N. H. They are triplets—Ray, Harry, and Dana Reynolds, and they belong to a fine roll of forty-one babies. . . . The auxiliary of the F. B. church of Somersworth, N. H., will entertain the next annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society. No, it is not too early to begin to plan to attend ! . . . While we are talking about New Hampshire, we would call attention to the very practical "Annual Letter" issued by its W. M. S. . . . And at Dover, in the home so long shared with Mother Hills, our dear Mrs. Ramsey lies, at this writing, very near the portals of another phase of life. May she pass very gently through to the friends who await her. . . . There was a beautiful and impressive service, on Christmas night, in Pittsfield, Me., when Mrs. Tracy, the wife of Rev. O. H. Tracy, was consecrated to the ministry. She has been a tower of strength in the work there, and a member writes, "Her going away will be a great loss to our auxiliary." . . . May best of blessings attend these two comrades in work. The latest news from Mrs. Stone was dated on the Mediterranean, Dec. 27. '04, and reads : "Thus far on the homeward journey. A month of touring in India, a fortnight in Egypt—both very interesting—and now we are rushing home as fast as possible. Hope to be in Battle Creek about the 19th of January." Mr. Stone writes : "I am happy to report that at Balasore I found the Kindergarten Hall very nearly completed, thanks to the energy and ability of Mr. Ager. It is a very substantial building of brick, well burned and laid, and with its heavy walls and solid foundations should be in good condition a hundred years from now. The massive columns supporting the veranda roofs give the structure a really imposing appearance. It is well adapted to its intended use, and is certainly a valuable addition to the mission property at Balasore." . . . While the board is looking for a trained kindergarten teacher in America, to take the place made vacant by Miss Phillips, the services of Miss Bromsvitch—who received her training in Germany—have been secured. Miss B. has worked in India and is perfectly familiar with Bengali. Mrs. Nundy is still the assistant teacher. . . . The Shredded Wheat Co. gave a "Demonstration Luncheon" for the benefit of the W. M. S. of the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., in January. The society was raising money for books and costumes to be used in the auxiliary. They now have the set of United Study books, and find them very fine and helpful. . . . Miss Coombs has gone to New York for a three months' course of Bible study.

GLEANINGS ABOUT OUR "NEIGHBORS"

WHAT then is our neighbor? Thou hast regarded his thought, his feeling, as somehow different from thine. Thou hast said, "A pain in him is not like a pain in me, but something far easier to bear." He seems to thee a little less living than thou; his life is dim, it is cold, it is a pale fire beside thy own burning desires. . . . So, dimly and by instinct thou hast lived with thy neighbor, and thou hast known him not, being blind. Thou hast made (of him) a thing, no Self at all. Have done with this illusion, and simply try to learn the truth. Pain is pain, joy is joy, everywhere, even as in thee. In all the songs of the forest birds; in all the cries of the wounded and dying, struggling in the captor's power; in the boundless sea where myriads of water-creatures strive and die; amid all the countless hordes of savage men; in all sickness and sorrow; in all exultation and hope, everywhere, from the lowest to the noblest, the same conscious, burning, wilful life is found, endlessly manifold as the forms of the living creatures, unquenchable as the fires of the sun, real as these impulses that even now throb in thine own little selfish heart. Lift up thy eyes, behold that life, and then turn away, and forget it as thou canst; but, if thou hast known that, thou hast begun to know thy duty.—*Prof. Josiah Royce.*

We look at our missionaries; they look at us. This word comes from a devoted worker in China: "It is the great numbers in our churches to whom it never occurs that Christ is setting up a kingdom,—the unanointed eyes who never see a vision,—who need help. People would give if they really believed in missions. American people are generous. How many calls they have, and how generously they respond. They do not really believe in missions—our Christian men and women. Think of our noble army of martyrs here in China. Think how gloriously our Christian church in China bore that terrible strain. Think of the wonderful results. Everywhere, with bowed heads, with thoughts of beloved ones hewn to pieces, we say, like Calvary, it paid, it paid. For every life sacrificed, already many, many more have been saved. That very word "saved" misleads many at home, and they wonder what we mean by it. It makes only a few hearts beat faster to hear that word. It is that something coming into a man's life that changes it. It is life. The man was living before, but now he has something which makes him a free man. It is the leaven which is changing him, so that one day he will be like God. Why, then, are so few hearts moved to come, so few to help?"—*Life and Light.*

Stories of atrocities in the Congo country, as told in the current periodicals, are almost too horrible to read; but any one who feels that he ought to know may send for leaflets to the Congo committee, 721 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Volumes of testimony have been gathered together to show the evil effects of the cruel system under which the country is at present administered. In the brief citations which follow it is not possible to give an understanding, but it may be possible to arouse interest,—or at least to dispel the indifference with which we in America have accustomed ourselves to look upon the fate of the black people of equatorial Africa. The excerpts which are given in the article which follows are taken from the journal of E. J. Glave, who went out to Africa in 1883 as a member of the International Association, of which Henry M. Stanley was the agent. After working in the country for nearly six years, Glave returned to England in 1889. In 1894 he went back to Africa, this time as an "independent traveler anxious to observe and report faithfully upon the general condition of things in the country." He never returned from that last visit in Africa, but died at Matadi on May 12, 1895. . . .

Writing from the important government station of Kabambare on December 14, Glave remarked: "In stations in charge of white men, government officers, one sees strings of poor, emaciated old women, some of them mere skeletons, working from two to six, tramping about in gangs with a rope round their necks and connected by a rope one and a half yards apart. They are prisoners of war. In war the old women are always caught, but should receive a little humanity. They are naked, except for a miserable patch of cloth in several parts, held in place by a string round the waist. They are not loosened from the rope for any purpose. They live in the Guardhouse under the charge of black native sentries, who delight in slapping and ill-using them. Some of the women have babies, but they go to work just the same. They form indeed a miserable spectacle, and one wonders that old women, although prisoners of war, should not receive a little more consideration; at least their nakedness might be hidden."

On December 21 he places on record seeing "an old woman prisoner who had died, being dragged to burial by her fellow prisoners in the rope gang." . . .

And from *Coquilhatville* on March 5: "We are taking down (i e., on the Government steamer on which he traveled) one hundred slaves—mere children—all taken in unholy wars against the natives. . . . War has been waged all through the district of the equateur and thousands of people have been killed and homes destroyed. This forced commerce is depopulating the country."

KRISHNA.—"The most popular god of India," over the narrative of whose shameless and abandoned life "the pundits allegorise and the common people gloat."

He is represented by more frequent images than those of any other god. One of the best known is the shapeless hideous idol in Orissa—nothing but a black stump with a head upon it. The difference between it and other images

of Krishna is accounted for by the saying that "his limbs had dropped off on account of his immorality."

"When I was remonstrating with some Hindus," writes Dr. Robson, "on their worshipping a being guilty of such acts as Krishna, they replied very warmly, 'these were but his sports. You English have your sports. You have the railway and the steamboat and the telegraph, and no one blames you. Why should you blame Krishna for sporting in this way?'"

Naturally his way is followed by his devotees. Starting from the worship of a sensual god, they have sunk to his level. . . . The Nemesis of their origin seems to have followed them all. Consecrating body and soul to the god, supposed to be incarnate in his priests, the worshippers throng into the temples . . . and in more esoteric worship emulate the example of their prototype Krishna. . . . But it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them—in worship.

"Religious festivals," writes Mr. Marrat, "are associated with unspeakable vileness; processions, garlands, instrumental music, and wild songs are connected with a moral degradation appalling to contemplate. . . . The corruptions with which Hinduism reeks are such that if the instincts of the people were not better than their creed, India would surpass in crime and vice the worst ages of imperial Rome, and be notorious through the world as one vast sewer overflowing with poisonous pollutions."

In no part of the world has a religion ever existed more unfavorable to the moral and intellectual health of our race. The Brahmanical mythology is so absurd that it necessarily debases every mind which receives it as truth. And with this absurd mythology is bound up an absurd system of physics, an absurd geography, an absurd astronomy. . . .

All is hideous and grotesque and ignoble. As this superstition is of all superstitions the most irrational and of all superstitions the most inelegant, so is it of all superstitions the most immoral. Emblems of vice are objects of public worship. Acts of vice are acts of public worship. . . .

Crimes against life, crimes against property, are not only permitted but enjoined by this odious mythology. But for our interference human victims would still be offered to the Ganges, and the widow would still be laid on the pile by the corpse of her husband, and be burned alive by her own children.—*From "Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century."*

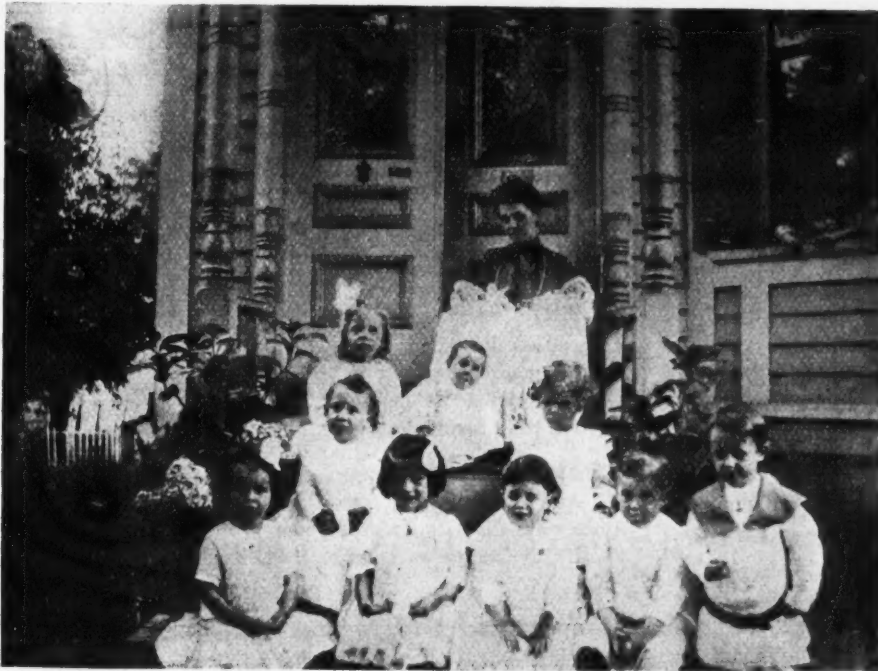
Who is responsible for our "neighbors," at home, in China, Africa, India, and the uttermost parts of the earth?

FAITH is the hand wherewith we take everlasting life.—*Hugh Latimer.*

UNDER THE CRADLE ROLL LIGHTS

So long it has been since we have had our usual chat, that my treasure box is running over. I am sure not all the bright bits can come out. You are very good to send me so many. Don't stop, please!

Do you know that Mrs. Roberts's "The Cradle Roll of Little Light Bearers" has been reprinted, with an addition for the Advanced Light Bearers, and illustrated? Don't you think each mother should have one? Send for some. Free, only help a bit with the postage, if convenient.



CRADLE ROLL OF CHELMSFORD STREET CHURCH, LOWELL, MASS.

And there are the new Price Lists—have you one of these?

Did you read the Cradle Roll report in the December HELPER and notice how the Little and Advanced Bearers' pennies have counted up? Read it, if you haven't.

It is a beautiful thing to be a member of a happy little Roll. It is another, and not less beautiful, matter to be a solitary Little Light Bearer, far away from other little Lights. And when, some day, the pennies come in from one of these latter with their message of consecration, your heart shapes a prayer for the Father's blessing on the faithful mother and on little "Loving Heart."

I am going to ask the State and Q. M. secretaries to make a special effort this year to have the Cradle Roll of Little Light Bearers noticed in the Yearly and Quarterly Meetings. Don't forget it, sisters.

Mrs. Joseph Wilson, of Tusket, N. S., has arranged a reading course on Japan, for the mothers of her Cradle Roll. Do we do enough for the mothers? In these earliest days, the lives of mother and child are so interwoven that the one is almost the other, and what is done for the one is as for the other.

Mrs. Jennie M. Randlett, who has lovingly tended the Maine Cradle Rolls for some years, has felt compelled to lay down her task, and Mrs. Ida Salley of Bridgewater will have it in care. We feel sure the Maine sisters will help her—while she helps them—to make this a very successful year. "Working together"—how that cheers the heart!

George William Cook, Jr., Washington, D. C., Harold Clark, Benner, Me., and Fayette Mabelle Fisher, Hillsdale, Mich., Single Light Bearers, have opened their dollie boxes for this year and sent in their contents.

MY THANK-OFFERING

I am only a little baby
But my blessings pile up high;
One is more than all the others,
Do you want me to tell you why?

I can be a Little Light Bearer,
And a worker in the ranks,
I can make the dark world brighter
By my Offering of Thanks.

— Adapted.

You see, the babies are ready. Shall we not help them to make the "Offering of Thanks"?
Your secretary, ADA M. L. GEORGE.

NEWS FROM THE ROLLS

THE Cradle Roll at Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., enjoyed its reception thoroughly. The weather was perfect, and the babies behaved their prettiest. They were entertained at the home of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Kenyon, whose wife is their superintendent. Written invitations were sent out, and five new members gained. The very tiniest present was but six weeks old.

Mrs. Laura M. Tennis of Iowa sends in report of her work. She has four Rolls, with nineteen members, two of whom are "Advanced," giving \$5.85.

Mrs. Beck of Cambridge, Mass., reports five Advanced Light Bearers. Who will enroll others?

The Ashland, N. H., Cradle Roll held its rally in November. Friends had arranged beautiful decorations for the "children's room" in the church, and about thirty little people were brought by loving friends, some coming miles from the country about. No part of the afternoon was more delightful than the social hour when the babies received their friends at their own sweet will and way. The pastor spoke a few words to mothers and children, a beautiful slumber song was sung, and two little girls also sang for us, and then we all adjourned to the parlors, where simple refreshments were served, and then the mite-boxes were opened. We all look forward to our next Cradle Roll reception. A pretty, framed wall Roll has been hung in the children's room, bearing the names of forty little members.

New Hampton, N. H., auxiliary is enrolling Little Light Bearers. Mrs. Dr. Dolloff is superintendent.

Park Street, Providence, R. I., held a delightful rally in the summer. A large number of babies was present, and the afternoon was filled with good things.

Pond Street, Providence, has reorganized. Fifteen little members have been given certificates, bearing a picture of one of the number. Others have been added under the leadership of Mrs. Hall, State secretary.

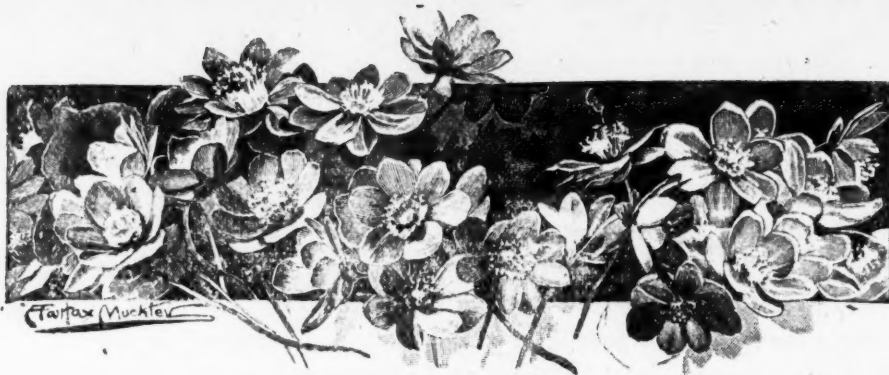
Mason, Mich., has a new Roll of five members, and in September the auxiliary and juniors gave a reception to the little ones and mothers. A short program was given, and cake and ice cream were served. Mite-boxes were opened and found to contain \$2. There is also a Roll at Brownsville. [Signed] Mrs. Minnie E. Parsons, Manton.

We find our Cradle Roll work in our church is a great help to interest mothers and children who are not reached in any other way. [Signed] Mrs. O. H. Smith, Marshlands, Pa.

Your secretary has seen this proven true many times, and wishes that she might know how to speak the very word that should inspire *you* to try. Did you know that all you need is determination? The rest comes almost of itself. Let me help you.

Yours for that purpose,
ADA M. L. GEORGE, *Gen. Sec. of the Cradle Roll.*

"IN China," says Dr. Ament, "little is made of denominations. The native Christians have denominational names of their own. They call the Methodist the 'hand-shakers'; the Presbyterians, the 'won't-let-women-speak-in-meeting society'; the Baptists, 'the bathing society'; and the Congregationalists, the 'one-man-as-good-as-another society.'"



"OUT of the infinite came,
Back to the infinite goes,
A little life that unfolded here,
Like a beauty-breathing rose.
Never a blackening breath
Can mar the perfect white,
Never a touch of death,
Never a dream of blight;
Spotless and pure and true,
God gave, nor takes away—
For the love that was, remains to us
And shall for aye and aye."

+ + +

Memorial Cradle Roll

OLGA MAE WHEELER
MARCENA PAUL CURRIER

THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN BALASORE

BY REV. G. H. HAMLEN

I.

By Balasore I mean both the city and district of that name. The city has 20,000 inhabitants. The district has an area of 2,060 square miles, and a population of about 1,000,000. It is shaped something like a long narrow crescent, narrowest in the middle, extending along the shore of the Bay of Bengal. A new line of railway crosses it lengthwise. A canal likewise traverses its length near the sea. The telegraph reaches all the important places. The postal service is good, and every part of the district is regularly visited by the carriers. The people are mostly Oriyas, and are quiet and peaceable. The region is malarious, but Balasore city is fairly healthful. The highest officials in the district are Englishmen, and life and property are as safe as the power of England can make them. I mention these things because so many of them mean much to those of us who have to labor there, and are real occasions of thankfulness.

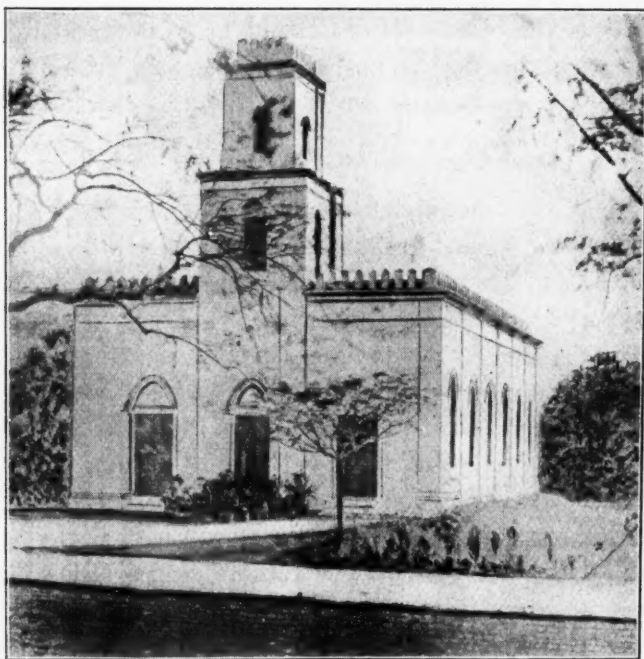
Balasore city was the first station occupied by our missionaries. And here we have sixty-six years of faithful work to be thankful for. Considerably more

than half of our missionaries have spent a part or the whole of their time of service in Balasore, and from here no less than four of them have received promotion. Rev. B. B. Smith went home in 1872, and his body lies in the little churchyard; Dr. Harry M. Bachelor died in 1890, and his remains rest in the quiet English cemetery. He was followed by Rev. A. B. Boyer in 1891. According to his own request, Bro. Boyer's ashes lie in the plot of ground set apart for our native Christian brethren. And then, last year, Dr. T. W. Burkholder went to join them, and his tired body was laid near that of "Dr. Harry," as he was affectionately called. One of the cemeteries of Calcutta holds the mortal part of another who had hoped to lie beside her husband in Balasore, Mrs. D. F. Smith, who died in 1899. All her mission life had been spent in Balasore district, but she died in Calcutta while away to rest. Twenty-eight miles away, at Jellasore, is the grave of another, Miss Lavina Crawford. Beside her grave are two others, those of our faithful assistant missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rae. These all died in the faith, having "loved not their lives unto death." For them, and for all the others, living and dead, who have had a share in making Christ known in Balasore, we have a right to be devoutly thankful.

And let us be thankful for our brethren and sisters who are now there. Shall we call the roll? Let dear "Grandma" Phillips stand at the head. It is over sixty-four years since her feet first trod the soil of Balasore, and she is there yet. "People die in India," says Much-afraid. Grandma Phillips is proof that people sometimes live in India—to a good old age. Next to her comes her daughter Julia—Mrs. Burkholder—with whom she is living. I wish I dared to put in print my appreciation of her, and of the others whose names follow: Mrs. Mary R. Phillips at Santipore, soon to go to Bhadrak, I suppose; Mr. and Mrs. Coldren at Chandbali; Mr. and Mrs. Lougher at Balasore; and Miss Scott, Miss Smith—known to her friends there as "Dr. Shirley"—and Miss Dawson, all at Balasore. And by the time you read this, I expect Mr. and Mrs. Griffin will be in Santipore, and Mr. and Mrs. Collett in Balasore. We do well to thank God for such representatives as these to do our share of his work in Balasore district. Were I doing more than calling attention to our causes for thankfulness, I might call attention to the special qualities that fit these servants of God especially for the work to which they are called.

Following these, and very closely associated with them, come our native helpers. To name them all individually is not worth while, for you do not know them. But to us who know them, and have had the privilege of helping to fit them for their work, and have worked with them, they are very precious. There are our preachers, old, middle-aged, and young. The oldest is Bro. Kamala Kanta Nayak, once strong, and eager for the fray, able to meet and defeat the

Hindus on their own ground ; but now he is old and blind, and waiting in simple faith for the call to go home. A convert from one of the lower castes of Hinduism, he is a living witness of the power of God to save and make useful. Jhampard Santara at Chandbali, still in the midst of active service, is a like example of the Spirit's power. And there are eleven or twelve more in the district, some of them converts, others the sons of converts. They are not all equal in effectiveness, but



BALASORE CHURCH

they are all Christian men, and both their lives and their preaching are on the right side. We are increasing the number of these helpers as fast as we find men apparently called of God. The prospect of further increase is good. This is encouraging, for on the native preachers depends a large share of the evangelization of their countrymen. For them let us pray with thanksgiving.

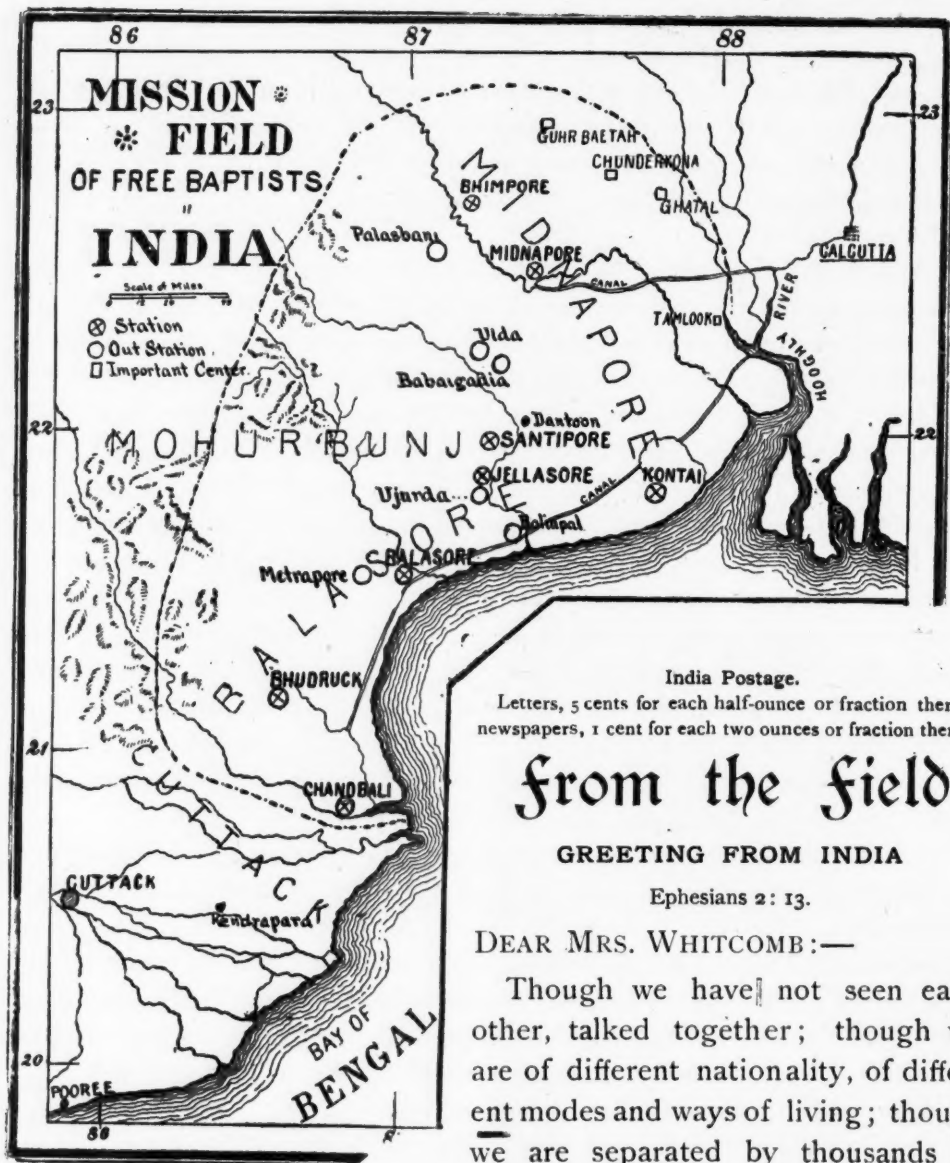
Closely allied with the work of the preachers is that of the Bible women, of whom there are some fourteen in the whole district. Like the preachers, these women have been prepared for their work by the missionaries, but unlike them, I think none are direct converts from Hinduism. Many of them have grown up in our orphanages, and have imbibed more or less of the saintly spirit of the women under whose care they have been. Some are widows, and the remainder are wives and mothers. The comfort and hope that their words and sympathy carry to many a sad-hearted sister, who has learned from them all she knows of a

loving Saviour, God, and heaven, is beyond computation. Remarkable is the grace and power of God that makes a timid, shrinking woman of India a herald of the gospel of peace and salvation to these sister women, to children at home, and even to men, for more and more are their words listened to attentively by the men of the homes they visit. For these women and their quiet work let us be gladly thankful.

And in this connection let us praise God for another thing. For many years after mission work began, the native preacher and the Bible woman met with a cool reception among the Hindus. They were regarded as traitors to their old religion, and often as hirelings of the missionary to propagate his hated religion. Here in America we can hardly conceive the opposition, the sneers and jeers, the ill-will and hate, and sometimes the actual persecution, that these men and women had to face. The patience and fortitude with which they bore it have been powerful factors in bringing about the change that is even now going on. It is no longer necessary for them to go out under the protection of the missionary. The preachers, two or more together, go out on tours through the country, and are not only unmolested, but are usually well received, and their message listened to with respect. Where formerly they were left to find shelter as they could, now they are usually given shelter and often food. And open persecution is practically a thing of the past. The Bible women, too, go about their work, sometimes quite long distances from home, without danger or molestation. Surely this is a reason for thanksgiving.

The foregoing paragraph gives one proof of the change that is coming over the people in their relation to Christianity. Another proof of this change is in the lessening persecution of converts. It is sometimes possible now for a man to become a Christian and yet remain in his old home, and go about his old work. Such a case occurred some five miles west of Balasore city about three years ago. In a few years more we expect to see this spirit of toleration developed enough to encourage many a secret disciple to avow his faith. For this again let us thank God.

In closing this section of my subject, allow me to refer to the teachers of our mission schools. True, there are still Hindus teaching in these schools; but all the important schools have Christian teachers, men and women. These teachers are as important to the stability and spread of our work as the preachers and Bible women. Many of them give religious as well as secular instruction, and their lives show that they are governed by Christian principles. In the kindergartens, in the primary, middle, and high schools, and in the zenanas, they are patiently doing their work. For them let us be thankful, and pray that they may always teach that "fear of the Lord" which is "the beginning of wisdom."



India Postage.

Letters, 5 cents for each half-ounce or fraction thereof;
newspapers, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof.

from the field

GREETING FROM INDIA

Ephesians 2: 13.

DEAR MRS. WHITCOMB:—

Though we have not seen each other, talked together; though we are of different nationality, of different modes and ways of living; though we are separated by thousands of miles, never to meet each other on this side of the Jordan; yet we have learnt this one great teaching, amongst hordes of others, that there is one blood, one life that flows through all, and that by God's grace we are all being knit together by the Lamb that He has offered to us. I therefore, on behalf of my sisters here, wish you and those that are interested in the cause of Christ a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, to the great joy of the angels in heaven.

Yours in Christ,

HEM NATH SARKAR.

Christian High School, Balasore, India, Nov. 30, 1904.

CHUNDRA LELA IN A NEW ROLE

You have long known her as widow, teacher, and evangelist, happy in her lot and calling, since becoming Christian; but recent events add a new chapter to her life-history, that of mother-in-law and grandmother, all in a few short weeks. You say, how? She has been a widow since a tiny girl. It is the fruit of *one* of her good deeds.

Some years ago she took into her home two Nepalese boys and showed to them a mother's thought and love, being especially drawn to them, no doubt, because they were her own countrymen from the beloved hill-country. They have not always been good boys, yet she bore very patiently with them. When the older boy was thinking of marriage, he became a little too anxious and rather wanted Chundra Lela to make *al* her property over to him at once, and she someway got quite out with him, so that when he was married, sometime later, it was quite without her help. However, as time passed, the forgiving and motherly spirit asserted itself, and she asked him to come and bring his wife and live in the little house in her own yard. A short time afterwards a tiny Nepalese came to this cottage. And Chundra Lela! I wish you might have seen her, all the old trouble was forgotten. No *real* mother or grandma could have felt more concern or importance, and never was a baby like that one, surely, to her.

A few weeks after the advent of Rani (little queen) plans were being made, "native fashion," for the marriage of the younger brother, Paul. She had had it in mind for some time to get him married and settled, when a suitable wife could be found for him. When in Calcutta, last cold season, she asked some of her friends there to contribute a fund for this purpose, and received thirty-five rupees; but with a silk coat and other clothing for the groom, and with butcher and cook to pay for feasting fifty people, it required considerable more. However, this she was sure she could manage, but the bride—here came the test—she being an orphan, who would give *her* clothes? Would the missionaries with their ideas of economy rise to the occasion and give her an outfit worthy of the name of Chundra Lela? The one important article must be the red silk *sari*, not a cotton one. I assured her that the proper ones would surely provide all, and that it should be the red *sari* of her dreams and a reality, too. Thus one difficult question after another was removed and settled. The wedding day came. All passed off pleasantly, and quite to Chundra Lela's ideas. She now has a dear little *bow* to comfort and care for her, and although left a widow long years ago she now has sons and daughters who rise up and call her blessed.

EMMA G. MURPHY.

Midnapore, India.

LETTER FROM MRS. GRIFFIN

BAY OF BENGAL, Dec. 16, 1904.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

We are nearing our India home. As I write, the great steamship, City of Calcutta, on which we have come from Port Said, is slowing down to take on board the pilot who will take us up the Hoogly River. This is the time of the lowest tides, so our ship must lie at Diamond Harbor one day before the fuller tides will come when she can go up the river. We shall, we now expect, spend the Sunday with our good son-in-law, Rev. George Henderson, Methodist Episcopal missionary, who is now in charge of the Seaman's Mission and of the Publishing House, where the *Indian Witness* and other periodicals are printed. He is, too, treasurer of the Bengal Conference. Indeed we shall be glad to see him again. So we are not childless in India, though all of our very own are on the other side of the seas. Mr. Henderson has been, and ever will be, a true son to us.

Had Mr. Griffin been well, we should have counted our journey as a very good one—all but the four hard days on the Mediterranean. He was taken ill, the second day out from Boston, with acute congestion of the liver, and is not yet well. I am sure you will, with us, pray that he may be restored to perfect health.

Our Atlantic voyage was fine; our trip across England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, a delight in sight-seeing. We took the straightest route from London to Naples, stopping from a few hours to several days at Rotterdam, Cologne, Bonn, Coblenz, Bingen, Basle, Lucerne, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Neither Mr. Griffin nor baby Collett could do too much in a day, so we took the sight-seeing in the easiest way, and everywhere left many of the especial sights unseen. But the people, the houses, the farms, the shops, the children, the mountains, valleys, streams, costumes, animals, soldiers, all things new and old, were sights to us and we were thankful for the privilege of seeing them. And very thankful for Mr. Griffin's sake that we could be off the sea so long. From Naples to Alexandria we had a bad ship and heavy storms. In Egypt we went a bit out of our way to see Cairo and the Pyramids and Sphinx for a day, then joined this ship at Port Said. Here we have Captain Millar, with whom we went to India before, and everything on the ship is most comfortable and pleasant. We have had good weather and pleasant companions. We have had two services each Sunday on board, Mr. Griffin and Mr. Collett officiating. Mr. Collett is the only one of our party who has escaped sea sickness, and he did it by staying on deck day and night during rough weather. Baby Collett has been well and exceedingly good. On this ship he is a great pet, and many

hands care for him. We are all most anxious now to get on land and get to work.

There are so many missionaries to write for our good HELPER and the *Morning Star* that I have thought I would write most for the *Myrtle*. I hope you have it in your Sunday school. I will be most grateful to you if you will tell the children that I want them to write to me, big children, little children; yes, and grown-up children. Ask any questions and I will answer them in the *Myrtle*. I would be grateful to anybody who would ask questions or suggest things about which they wish me to write. If you do not have the *Myrtle* in your Sunday school will you not get it there? Should you fail, you can get it for your own family for only fifty cents a year. It is of course less in clubs.

There are on this steamer six missionaries for India, two men and two women from the United States, three women from England; one church zenana mission society, and two to an independent mission, and a young woman, a New Zealand Baptist missionary for Bengal. This last woman, Miss Gainsford, has handed me the little mission magazine, *Our Band*, that represents their Australian and New Zealand India field. In it was an extract from a speech by Lord Radstock, who, last cold season, visited India for the fifth time. He says: "I am amazed at the great changes which are silently but surely going on. In Calcutta a Boys' Refuge, to be conducted on thoroughly Christian lines, was opened by the lieutenant governor. His audience was 200 Europeans and Eurasians and 500 to 600 Hindus; yet when he spoke of his own faith in Christ, and of the blessing he had had from early Christian training, he was warmly applauded by Hindus as well as Christians." He tells, too, of the recent appointment (by the senate, the majority of whom are Hindus) of the Christian leader in Calcutta, K. C. Banurgi, as Registrar of the University. When a public testimonial was presented to him a Hindu ex-judge was in the chair and Mr. Banurgi, in replying, said that whatever success he had had in life he owed it all to Christianity.

So you and I are what we are because Christ lived and died. May it be the passion of our lives to help upbuild his kingdom.

Yours in His work,

LIBBIE C. GRIFFIN.

OUR WESTERN FIELD AGENT IN NEW ENGLAND

GENERAL Conference adjourns, the packing is finished, good-byes have been said; and now, on limited trains, we are speeding toward New England.

Here's a placid lake and a forest just beyond, with a little tint of color, now and then, hinting of the autumn soon to be. The rivers, the vineyards, the hills and valleys, the beautiful homes, give pleasure to the traveler while we talk of the work just done, the plans laid, the future of the cause we love. A few hours of quiet(?) and it is morning and Boston.

A real welcome is ours—we are not doubtful, even “Poco” has shown it—and the delightful trip we had planned for is really begun. The stay in Boston is very brief, but the glimpses are most precious: the services at the church, the hours in the home of the loved president of college days, the trips with the Massachusetts State W. M. S. president, and the scenes we saw and the talks we had together—dear little HELPER, you could not contain them.

Over Sunday at Manchester and Mercy Home, with a service morning and evening at Mr. Mitchell's church; thence to Mrs. Ricker's quiet home and love and care. The Belknap Association and Pittsfield church were told of the Western work; then Concord was visited and Ashland. It was a pleasure to meet the author of “In the Path of Light around the World” and clasp the hand of Missionary F. D. George, and greet the little woman, Mrs. George, who believes in the Cradle Roll, and ride out to Holderness and speak. Then back to Meredith and Alton and Rochester and Dover. O New Hampshire, old Granite State, no human mind could ere have given such quiet and grandeur to thy hills, or formed thy Lake Winnepesaukee, or painted the foliage, the sky, the landscape on which we look.

A brief but pleasant ride from Dover and we are in the beautiful city of Portland (Maine) for a Sabbath morning service, and at South Portland in the evening, then on to the Aroostook, where the Maine State Association convenes, and we catch a glimpse of the business methods and plans of this energetic people of ours “way down East.” From here, through the kindness of Mr. Chas. Milliken, we go on to Van Buren on the banks of the St. John River and see a great lumber and shingle mill and learn lessons of system, attention to business, and power, and have a day of real enjoyment. Over Sunday at Houlton with Miss Kinney; Monday at Island Falls, and Tuesday night, all tired and worn and dizzy, at Lewiston station is heard again the kind familiar voice of the man who taught us Hebrew in the college in the West, and a loving welcome to the home is soon received from Mrs. Salley; but oh, the joy and the restfulness of it can't be told.

Then, Wednesday and Thursday, at Saco, dealing with the union question; Friday night at “The Hermitage,” with our editor and treasurer in the heart of the sanctum mid the pines; and a moment's precious converse with the quiet, gentle Mother and noble Father Wade.

Another day of travel and, at evening time, Rev. Mabel C. Andrews gives welcome to her cottage on the banks of the Kennebec and also to her pulpit Sunday morning and evening; then the afternoon drive to North Anson and the services there, with a new, rare pleasure of greeting one to whom we could claim kindred ties not far removed.

Back again to New Hampshire for the Rockingham Association, then to

Haverhill, Lynn, Lowell (Paige and Chelmsford Streets) ; the annual meeting of the Rhode Island district W. M. S., and the Massachusetts Association, with a parting trip to New Hampshire, when Laconia is given a Sabbath-day's service and the grave at New Durham is visited. A mile and a half from the station and we are on the ridge ; turning, we look back over the rugged road we have traveled—no, our eyes see not the path we have traveled, for out yonder, beyond, high above the dusty, narrow, rugged road, are the beautiful, beautiful mountains, dark and dreamy and restful and still, and on beyond these foot-hills gleams Mt. Washington, while with the sparkling snow, touched by the sunlight from the eastern sky, and—we are musing—on this very spot once stood Randall—and, like that shining snow-crowned peak in the distance, he rose high above the shadows of error and reveled in the pure sunlight of God's eternal truth, brightly reflecting to the world its beauty with rays that never shall grow dim, "the Scripture our rule of faith and practice, salvation free and possible to all." Yes, we went to the "Boody House ;" we entered the room where he (Randall) gathered together the mother church ; we looked at his old hymn book ; we read from his Bible, but somehow we had caught such a vision of the Father's glory and his will for us, from the mountain-top in the sunshine, that we wanted to go back again for another glimpse, and the climax of this most delightful and helpful trip in the East was the vision seen on New Durham ridge that bright October morning when God spoke to us from the hills and we listened to his voice.

One other week, when out and in from the Deckard home circle, we went visiting Elmwood Ave., Roger Williams, Pawtucket, and Arlington churches. A pleasant home trip, in company with the young people's secretary, a last little farewell talk with Aunt Sarah Shumway of the Fairfield (Mich.) church, a few days with the precious mother and brother who keep the home on college hill, and now, in this Western prairie city, Winnebago, we think of the blessings received and would tell you of them—if we could ; how much we enjoyed them, and would speak the true thanks of our heart. But our pen fails and we can only turn to Him who can reward you, knowing that exceeding abundantly above what we ask He will give.

ELIZABETH MOODY,

Western Field Agent F. B. W. M. S.

Winnebago City, Minn.

THE bread and butter problem, or rather the bread problem (they have no butter) is the strenuous one in India.—*Dr. Janvier.*

IF you choose to *have* in this life, you are lost ; but, choosing to *be*, you are ascending the infinite stair on which angels come and go.—*George Macdonald.*

TREASURER'S NOTES

I WISH you all a Happy New Year, and a happy whole year. May Hope and Faith and Love be strong ; so will God accomplish his purpose through you.

Your treasurer has had a varied experience during December ; part of the time at desk, part of the time in Dover helping to scatter sunshine in the midst of hard conditions. When called away from Ocean Park, for any reason, it is a great comfort and help to have some one to look after mails, answering letters when possible, and forwarding to me. Sometimes Mrs. R. M. F. Buzzell does this work, and sometimes Mrs. L. V. Jordan. Both have been very kind in this direction, and it gives me pleasure to give public recognition of their services.

I attended a Chinese tea, in December, given by the Hills Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Dover. A good deal of advance work was done in the way of making kimono's, so about forty appeared in costume, including gentlemen and children. Also Chinese etiquette had been studied, and was observed in some particulars. Chinese eatables were served with chopsticks, which caused much merriment. The large vestry was profusely decorated with Chinese lanterns ; and beautiful mottoes, and charts, giving valuable information, were on the wall. For these the society was indebted to Mr. Demeritt and Mr. Jaques. A fine missionary program was given, so there was combined, with a good time, helpful missionary lessons.

The total receipts for December were not large, but some personal contributions were, and interesting letters were received. The auxiliary of West Oneonta, N. Y., sends \$15 for Pulmoni, and \$10 for zenana work. Mrs. Nichols writes : "We have raised much more money this past year than ever before in the history of the society." Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Nichols go to Elmira Heights. I hope still to receive her letters, which always breathe a missionary spirit. The "daughters of a beloved mother" have sent their annual contribution for the Bible woman formerly supported by her. What a beautiful way to remember a mother. Mrs. Kelly of East Hebron, Me., sends money from the ladies of that church. She will, I trust, enjoy the missionary work in her new home in West Falmouth. Mrs. Hunter of Keytesville, Mo., must be deeply interested in missions as she frequently contributes to the work ; her latest gift was recently received. The auxiliary of Uniontown, Ill., sends \$17 for annual dues, which delights me very much. Mrs. C. P. Griffin of Durham, Conn., in making a Christmas offering, says : "The Lord has been very good to me, and I am glad to do this in acknowledgment of his love to me. I enjoy the MISSIONARY HELPER and *Mooring Star* very much." Mrs. Annie Dudley Bates sends greetings and a Christmas gift. The ladies of the church in Alton, N. H., send money for the education of Esther at Calcutta. Mrs. Duncan, in forwarding the money, says :

"I am glad that I have had a share in educating her." The apportionment assumed by the Wolfeboro, N. H., auxiliary has been paid in full.

Here are some gifts from the children and young people—juniors of Rochester, N. H.; Sunday school of Winnebago City, Minn.; birthday box of Sunday school of Winona, Minn.; contents of the dolly box of George William Cook, Jr.; Sunday schools of Bridgewater and Eustis Center, Me. I cannot close this brief reference to contributions without mentioning the \$25 received from the Essex Street auxiliary of Bangor, Me. It is one of the new ones of which we wish we could have many more before 1905 closes. Send to our new superintendent of literature department for "How to Organize," and you will find it easy to do it. A few earnest women, deeply interested in missionary work, can make a success of a new auxiliary, and, in doing it, increase the enthusiasm for this kind of work in the whole church. The address of the superintendent is Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott Street, Lewiston, Me.

I hope that all have noticed the program in the HELPER for January, and will observe the February prayer service. Will not women, without auxiliaries, set apart some time during this month, for prayer for all our denominational missionary work? Possibly the pastor would like to devote a regular prayer meeting to prayer for missions. When I think of our perplexities as a people, of the unsolved problem regarding union, of the need of money in more than one department, of the crying needs of our India field, I feel like saying (and am now yielding to the impulse), if we, as a denomination, do not fall back upon the Unseen for wisdom and material help and wise leadership, our future is a hopeless one. Did I not know that by committing our ways to God we may have a knowledge of the best way to do things, we may have financial difficulties met, we may have men and women raised up who are fitted to accomplish the task set us as a people, I should despair. Beloveds, during February pray for these things,—the kind of prayers, too, that bring definite answers.

Now is the time for the agents of the MISSIONARY HELPER to be busily at work getting new subscribers, and collecting dues. Are there not those who will give fifty cents extra for the magazine to be sent to a new subscriber? It should be to some one who cannot afford to take it for herself, or who may, by reading it, become interested in missions. In one auxiliary with which I am familiar, several subscriptions are given in this way, and it has resulted in making, at least, one good officer in the auxiliary.

The midwinter quarter closes with February. The fall quarter ended with a gain in receipts over the same time last year. Let this be an incentive to vigorous work during February in collecting dues and special offerings. Remember it is a hard quarter to get money, and bills must be paid just the same.

Another call has come for more money with which to finish Henderson Home. If any one wishes to make a special contribution for this Home of our missionaries in Midnapore, it will be thankfully received.

Miss Hattie Phillips, now Mrs. Stone, has set a worthy example in making a wedding gift for the well for Sinclair Orphanage. Is this not a good way to return thanks for a good husband? Who will do likewise?

You see my notes are full of prayer and works. While we pray and work let us do all in faith; not a faith in the things we are seeking after, but in the Power behind the things, to whom "all things are possible." As says another: "Pin your faiths to the unseen things, and let patience have her perfect work. So shall you realize your heart's full desire. Let things rock as they will; let facts be stubborn and conditions hard if they need be. *Never mind them.* To mind them is to pin our faiths to them. Mind the unseen things. . . . Train your faiths upward. . . . The one thing needful is to pin your little faiths to the Unseen Source of all things." Let us do it just now, and God's purpose with us will triumph gloriously.

LAURA A. DEMERITE, *Treasurer.*

Ocean Park, Me.

THE PURPOSE OF PRAYER

Prayer is not for the purpose of influencing God to grant blessings against his will, or of changing his plans and purposes, in any way. It is not to draw him to us as though he were far away and unwilling to hear us, or as though it were difficult to approach him. On the contrary, all prayer should start with the conviction that God always waits to grant whatever is best for us, and that he is eager thus to do. The central purpose of prayer is to secure in those who pray such faith and obedience as will bring them into harmony with God and make them receptive of the blessings he waits to grant. Unless our prayers are the outcome of faith, coupled with readiness to obey, and with such confession as makes it possible for God to grant forgiveness, they do not avail, because, although we may pray in words, we are not able to receive the blessings God waits to give. Prevailing or effectual prayer, then, is that which results from such a state of mind and heart on the part of him who prays as makes him worthy, that is, able to receive blessings, forgiveness, and help, according to the will of God.—*Exchange.*

"NOTHING is more needed in all missionary aggressive enterprise than three grand conditions: Knowledge of the field of work, sympathy with the worker, and prayerful interest in the work. When these are secured, gifts pour in without special appeal and without cessation."

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"With knowledge to supply the fuel, the Word and Spirit to add the spark, and prayer to fan the flame, missionary fires will be kindled, and souls will be set ablaze with holy zeal."

✦ ✦ ✦

TOPICS FOR 1905

January—An Outline Study of Japan:

1. The Island Empire.

February—Prayer and Praise

March—2. The Making of the Nation.

April—The Young People's Missionary Movement.

May—Thank-Offering.

June—3. The Religions of Japan.

July—4. Modern Christian Missions.

August—Outing.

September—5. Woman's Work for Woman.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting. Missionary Helper.

November—6. Forces in the Conflict.

December—Christmas in Missions at Home and Abroad.

MARCH.—THE MAKING OF THE NATION

("Dux Christus." Chapter II.)

Suggestive Program.

The world is just as a person's heart makes it.—*Japanese proverb.*

OPENING exercises.

Bible reading.—"The Call to Missionary Work." (See page 26, January

HELPER.

Prayer.

Map exercise.—Brief review of the exercise suggested in the program for January (see December HELPER) in order that all may become thoroughly familiar with the most important geography of Japan. The leader of this exercise should be prepared to point out, as the lesson progresses, the location of the early tribes, the three cycles of tradition, places famous in the time of Portuguese and Spanish missionaries, the place of Perry's and Harris's treaty negotiations, etc.

Brief papers.—(a) The Origin, Migrations, and Earliest History of the Japanese. (b) The *Samurai*. (See article "The Knightly Way" in January HELPER, as well as pages 57 and 95 in the text-book.)

A talk on Buddhism and its influences upon the nation.

Connecting comments on the first contact of Japan and Europe. Entrance of Roman Christianity. Three great men—Nobunaga, Hideoyshi, and Iyeyasu—and their special work. Influence of Confucianism and of the Dutch.

Paper or talk.—The era of the Open Door. (Including the entrance of Commodore Perry, first Protestant church, Constitution of 1889, Russo-Japanese war, etc.)

Conversation. Closing prayer.

NOTE.—Each person who has a paper should exhibit and explain the picture or pictures which serve to illustrate her subject.

NOTES —The portrait of Deacon Lewis W. Anthony, referred to in an article in our January number, was given to Storer College by his children. The three thousand dollars for the Lewis W. Anthony Industrial came from the same source. Storer College and Bates and, indeed, the denomination have much for which to thank Deacon Anthony and his children. Such memorials are not only the most beautiful, but also the most fitting for those who lived the helpful life while among their fellow-men. . . . Our Sunshine president, Mrs. Lord, wrote, "The Sunshine correspondence for the holidays was almost overpowering," and Mrs. Furman wrote, "I am superintending a Christmas tree for 2,500 children." Do not those two items suggest bright gleams in shadowed places? . . . Pres. McDonald of Storer College writes: "I am sure that you will be interested to know that we are using the new kitchen, and find the change decidedly for the better. It is so bright, cheerful, sunshiny, and handy that a new enthusiasm has appeared in the student body toward taking work in cookery. Miss Brown has more classes in cookery this year than ever before. We now have two bath tubs in Myrtle Hall, things which have been very much needed for years. But the trouble which confronts us is a lack of water. We will never be able to install a regular laundry until we have more water. Our present supply will not more than meet the demand. We are in urgent need of water and a new heating plant. I earnestly hope that the way may soon open whereby these things may be obtained." . . . A Michigan worker writes: "The Montcalm Q. M. reports no Q. M. or local auxiliaries, but there is *one member* of the W. M. S., Mrs. E. E. Fuller, of Butternut, who takes the HELPER, sends her dues, and with the help of her husband, who is interested, has collected and forwarded eight dollars. 'When I was elected secretary and treasurer, it was for life,' she said. All honor to the solitary workers, but may their faithful persistence speedily attract others to the ranks." . . . Dr. Mary Bachelor wrote from Midnapore in November: "Umase has improved greatly in his preaching, and has such a nice way with the patients, and talks so well and sells so many tracts, that I should be sorry to have him given up. I am hoping to send out Sreepoti [Umase and Sreepoti are supported by Mr. C. A. Milliken, Augusta, Me.] in a few days to canvass the near villages with leaflets, just as if he were advertising something he wanted everyone to have, leaving a leaflet at each house, whether the people can read or not, for if they cannot read they will get some one to read the leaflet to them, and so two will get the benefit of it. He will carry Gospels, too, and try to sell them. I want him to go to all the markets in the region in the same way, and see what he can do in the way of distributing Christian literature. There were thirty patients registered in the Dispensary this morning, and I made one call, and there was one patient this afternoon. There were friends and relatives accompanying, so that there were more than that number in attendance."

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

IT is with pleasure that we report the Sunshine acts of our members for the past month, showing that many are anxious to brighten the lives of others by the passing on of all kinds of good cheer.

A number of dainty gifts and ten cents in stamps were received from Mrs. Mary Parker. A package of hand-made booklets, "the result of a rainy day" (even the dark days make Sunshine for others) from Callie Mae Weeks. Twenty-five cents for postage, and many flower booklets from Miss E. J. Small.

One dollar for the India fund from Miss Mary A. Warren. This Sunshine member, although a shut-in, is constantly doing kindly acts.

As initiation dues Mrs. E. B. Delano of Maine has given ten cents in stamps, and is passing on the HELPER each month. A beautiful little needlebook and fifty cents in money from Mrs. J. B. Jordan. A pair of bedsocks "for some invalid to whom they will bring warmth and sunshine," and stamps for forwarding, from Miss Anna F. Dearborn.

One dollar has been received from Mrs. Charles N. Brown, who, we understand, is cheering a number by sending regularly good literature. Bookmark and poems from Miss Marilla M. Rich. A birch-bark blotter tied with the I. S. S. colors, yellow and white, from Miss Anna A. Cummings. A large booklet from Mrs. L. A. Lerner. Package of clippings and box of miscellaneous articles from some unknown friend. Three booklets, forty-eight cents in stamps, and the passing on of the *C. E. World* and HELPER are a few of the kindly acts of Mrs. Jennie C. Marshall. Cards and booklets from Miss Lillie M. Elkins.

A number of articles, with the stamps to send them on their Sunshine journey, came from Mrs. H. L. Emerson. As dues Mrs. E. L. Ashton gives a year's subscription to the HELPER. Her sister, Mrs. W. L. Dow, sends twenty-five cents as annual dues for self and little niece, Ruth E. Winslade. Twenty-five cents in stamps to be used for the spreading of Sunshine by Miss Mabel F. Lane, and her mother, Mrs. Frank Lane. Sixteen cents in stamps from one of our new members, Dea. Daniel J. Meeds, who is blind.

One dollar has been received from Miss Marion McGunigle, who has helped us many times in our work for others. Twenty cents for postage from a Massachusetts member. Mrs. Nellie Davis, Mrs. Minnie E. Ranney, and Miss Flora Ranney, of Vermont, sent money for I. S. S. clasp pins. One dollar as annual dues from Mrs. Geo. F. Babcock. One dollar from Mrs. Asenath P. Wentworth, who is much interested in needy children, so this money will be used to cheer wee sunbeams.

Thanks are due Mrs. Julia Traver, Mrs. Harriet Jenkins, Mrs. Jennie E. Boucher, and Miss Augusta A. Garland for Sunshine letters and greetings which they have sent. Through Mrs. A. A. McKenney we are in receipt of two dollars and fifty cents, from the members of Winona, Minn. This generous gift will help us to scatter much Sunshine.

At a recent meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Free Baptist church of Carolina, R. I., they voted to give a postage stamp for each member. These Sunshine stamps have been received with thanks.

Practical Christian Living

"Pure religion as taught by Jesus Christ is a life, a growth, a divine spirit within, coming out in sympathy and helpfulness to our fellow-men."

+ + +

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

BY ERNEST G. WELLESLEY WESLEY.

"A QUIET HOUR." An hour all alone with Jesus Christ. An hour of real, blessed, deepening fellowship. The world—its business, its cares, its work, its worries, its temptations, its pleasures, its thought—all shut out. Paradise and heaven, with all their sweet, rich, joyful, harmonious influences, let in. Can mortals ask for a more glorious privilege? Apart with Christ; this is the one essential, Christ Jesus with us and we with Him; no one interrupting our fellowship. During these precious minutes of spiritual communion our environment is that of the holy ones. Neither the angels nor the glorified have any purer joys than His companionship affords. To some extent mortality hinders our interchange of thought, of sympathy and love (and to a much greater degree than is necessary; let us be prayerful and careful not to thicken the separating veil through any known disobedience or unbelief) yet our fellowship can be as real as that of the already crowned and glorified. If it is not so, the fault is largely our own.

During our Quiet Hour the door must be shut. What door? The door leading into the heart's holiest recesses. Our heart is the blessed Lord's "Holy of Holies." No one else can abide there when he enters. He would have us wholly alone with Him. Have you no knowledge of this? Has not your quiet hour oftentimes lifted you into the third heaven? Have you not—as you fully yielded yourself to the guidance, control, infilling, overwhelming of Him who only can reveal the Lord, received revelations which were not possible for you to tell to any others? When there is real fellowship between us and our Lord, Love tells many things which our lips cannot whisper to even our most dearly loved. What the waiting, worshipful, yielded heart is taught during hours of fellowship with the Lord is ten thousand times better proof of the reality of things spiritual than all the lore of libraries or the teachings of theological professors. One single hour with heart and mind fully opened to Christ Jesus reveals more than fifty years of study without this. More than anything else, in these days of mental unrest (largely caused by heart unrest), we need the Quiet Hour prolonged to days and weeks. Faith's revealings are far more real than all the conclusions of logic or the most accurate investigations of science. Faith is the "Higher Science."

Our Quiet Hour must be wholly given up to our Lord. We enter His throne room, His guest chamber. There His hand clasps ours. There our head nestles on His bosom. There His heart throbs against our heart. There His love and life pour their floods into our own heart and life. This is not fancy. This is not mysticism. It is fact. If you know nothing of such a life, do not deny that of which you are ignorant. Seek to attain. If you know nothing of this, some sin, some unbelief, some doubt, some seeds of sceptical thought must be hindering.

It is during the Quiet Hour that He explains so many "hard things," so many seeming mysteries, so many seeming contradictions. To others, these revealings are unknown: to "the friends of God," they are revealed. It is during our Quiet Hours, alone with the All Perfect One, that our fears, questions, doubts, etc., are all cast aside. It is then He hushes us into peace. It is then His Love so floods our hearts and minds that we enter into oneness with Him. All is well because we are with Him and He with us. All is Light because we are in Him and He in us. When the Perfect One really abides with us and we abide with Him, He withholds nothing which can perfect us in Himself.

Providence, R. I.

PETER'S LOAN

"LEND Me thy boat," the Master kindly said
To Simon, wearied with unfruitful toil.
He lent it gladly, asking but the smile
Of Him who had not where to lay his head.
But Jesus knows our need of daily bread
And will be no man's debtor. If awhile
He uses Simon's boat, in kingly style
He will repay, a hundred-fold instead.

And Peter's Lord, as yesterday the same,
Walking, though now unseen, among his own,
Still condescends to ask from each a loan.
Oh, humble toiler, when he calls thy name,
Lend Him thy all! The Master ne'er forgets
Exhausted fishermen or empty nets.

—Selected.

Never a cloud o'erhung the day
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is only dark on the downward side;
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

—M. J. Savage.

Words from Home Workers

"The most fortunate men and women are those who have worthy work to do, and who do it because they love it."



A GOOD SUGGESTION FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE WORKER

WHILE preparing my last year's HELPERS to bind, the thought came that perhaps some other sister who, like myself, would like to preserve them for future use and could not afford to hire them bound, would like my way. I carefully remove the outside covers, place them in order upon each other, lay upon a board and drive an awl through them three or four times near the back, equal distances apart. Then I take annealed wire and sew through and through these holes, fasten strongly, and paste on plain paper for fly leaves. For cover, take cardboard and cut pieces a very little larger than the sewed HELPERS. Lay on table as far apart as the back of sewed HELPERS. Have strip of cambric, the color of the cardboard, one half inch wider than back of HELPERS; glue one edge to each cover, turn to the inside the ends and glue down. When dry, glue to the back of sewed magazines. Cut words "MISSIONARY HELPER" from inside of the covers torn off, paste to back, with the year in large figures. If neatly done, this makes a pretty and serviceable volume.

RHODE ISLAND (Providence).—The Roger Williams auxiliary is pursuing the study of Japan through its text-book "Dux Christus." All the meetings this year have been interesting and well attended. The January meeting was specially pleasing, as, following the program of papers and articles on the chapter, "The Religions of Japan," in charge of Mrs. Winnie Eldridge, a Japanese tea was tendered the ladies by the hostess, Miss Clara M. Law. The dining-room was tastefully decorated in paper chrysanthemums, Japanese lanterns, and fantastic paper novelties. Several Cloissoné vases adorned mantel and sideboard, and a Satsuma vase on a throw of yellow silk formed the center of the table decorations. Five young ladies in handsome Japanese costumes poured and served oriental tea from odd Japanese china. It added a touch of reality to our study, and passed a pleasant social hour.

L. S. F.

RECEIVED.—"The Life of Rev. Otis Robinson Bachelier, M. D., D. D.; Fifty-three Years Missionary to India," by Rev. Thomas H. Stacy. Boston, Mass.: the Morning Star Publishing House.

Also "The Light of the World." General Conference Leaflet, No. 37. Mr. Harry S. Myers, Gen. Sec., Hillsdale, Mich.

In Memoriam

"WE try to guess what radiance now
Is resting on that noble brow,
Lovelier than shone upon it here;
What heavenly work she has begun,
What new immortal friendships won,
That make the life unseen so dear."

Mrs. Harriet G. Chace, Providence, R. I., May 22, 1904.

Mrs. Eliza S. Morrell, Augusta, Me., Dec. 25, 1904.

Mrs. Vienna G. Ramsey, Dover, N. H., Jan. 16, 1905.

NOTE.—When a member of an auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that her name, place of residence, and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in the HELPER.

THE great motive is not the command, but the Christ; not the record, but the Redeemer living in its pages; not the fair story, but the sufficient Saviour. Herein is love, that God sent his Son. Through him God speaks to us; through him we speak to God. The incarnation, the cross, and the open grave are God's unfailing pledge to his children that he loves them and seeks them. This is how God loved us and loves us. Love so pure that the cross is its only fit expression; love so large that the light of the cross fills the earth; love so high that the cross stands alone as its symbol! This is how God loved us and loves us. O rare old mystic, truly you knew! You heard His words, you saw His eyes, you touched His hands, you leaned on His breast, you saw Him on the cross and after. And you said, "If God so loved us"—you are right, you are right!—"we ought also to love,—we *ought* also to love,—we ought also to love one another." God helping us, so we will.—*W. F. McDowell, D. D.*

It was the Sabbath day when Commodore Perry anchored his squadron in the bay of Yeddo. He spread the American flag over the capstan of his vessel, and laid on it the Bible. The One hundredth Psalm was read, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," etc., and the crew sang the hymn:—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice."

This was the first Protestant Christian service in Japan. The notes of that Christian hymn floated over the peaceful waters, as wooing the fair Land of the Rising Sun to join the happy Christian nations in praise to the only Saviour of men.—*Selected.*

Juniors

I'M NEEDED

I'm only a little herald,
But the kingdom needs my voice
To herald in the King of kings—
This is my happy choice.

I'm only a little soldier,
But the kingdom needs my sword;
I'll draw it from its scabbard,
God's own most holy Word.

I'm only a little worker,
But the kingdom needs my hand;
I'll use these busy fingers
To do my Lord's command.

—Exchange.

JUNIOR MISSION PROGRAMS

MARCH.—A STORY OF SOME WILLING GIVERS

"They only richly live
Who richly give."

SINGING. Sentence prayers.

Scripture reading—Exodus 35 : 21-29.

Blackboard talk by superintendent. (Who writes on the board the headings, "What we can give," "How we can give," "When we should give," "To whom we should give," leaving ample space for writing the answers given by the children, while she assists and suggests and comments on their suggestions.)

Some marching or action song.

What children in foreign lands are Free Baptist juniors most interested in?

Ans. The children of India.

What missionary work in this country?

Ans. The work for colored boys and girls at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, West Va.

(If you have a globe, point out the part of India which is our field, also let a junior find Harper's Ferry.)

What are Free Baptist children giving to India?

Ans. The babies in the Cradle Roll are supporting several children in Sinclair Orphanage. The juniors take shares in the salary of the children's missionary, Miss Barnes, and in the salary of Pres. McDonald of Storer College; they also help other missionaries in India.

(Send to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me., for the leaflets about Miss Barnes, Storer College, Children of India, by Mrs. Griffin, The Cradle Roll Children, and Mrs. Murphy, with all of which every junior superintendent should be perfectly familiar.)

Prayer for the work for which we are responsible. Singing.

BIBLE LESSON FOR JUNIORS
EVERY BOY AND GIRL A LIGHT

Singing—"Jesus Bids Us Shine."

Ask the children what the most precious thing is the missionaries take with them to foreign lands. Repeat the verse, Psalm 119: 105. Last month the thought was the Bible a light, making the dark places bright and showing people how to live happier and better lives. This month lead the children to see that it is not the Bible alone that is a light; not the missionary alone who is a light; but that every boy and girl should be a light shining for Jesus. Speak of the different kinds of lights, using the old illustration of the candle and the lamp. Of course the candle cannot light the room as well as the lamp, but we can use it in many places where we could not carry the lamp. Perhaps children cannot do as much for Jesus as older people, or as the missionaries, but they can make many dark places brighter. They can be cheerful and happy, ready and willing to do what is right. Then perhaps someone who has never loved Jesus will learn to love him because the children are shining for him, and trying to do what he would like to have them do. This is what Jesus meant when he said (Matt. 5: 16), "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Short prayer by the leader. Singing, "Give, Said the Little Stream."—*Life and Light*.

CRADLE ROLL LIST

(Rolls that have been added since March 31, 1904.)

Maine.—Presque Isle, Sprague's Mills.
New Hampshire.—Bristol, Hampton, Meredith Center, Manchester.
Massachusetts.—Amesbury, Lowell (Chelmsford St.).
Rhode Island.—Greenville, Providence (Park St.).
Pennsylvania.—Marshlands.
Michigan.—Highland, Mason.
Iowa.—Farmington.

ADVANCED LIGHT BEARERS

Maine.—Fort Fairfield, Presque Isle.
New Hampshire.—Bristol, Loudon Center.
Rhode Island.—Pawtucket. Total, 19.

(The full list corrected will appear in May.)

Ocean Park, Me.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer*.

A MISSIONARY lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." Shadi prayed, "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for December, 1904.

MAINE.

Bangor Essex St. aux. F. M.	\$25.00
Benner Harold Clark25
Bridgewater S. S. two shares Miss Barnes's salary 1904	8.00
E. Hebron ch. ladies	2.00
Ellsworth Q. M. for F. M. work	12.00
Eustis Center S. S. for children S. O.	1.45
No. Lebanon aux.	3.00
No. Lebanon Willing Workers for Miss Barnes	4.00
Ocean Park Christmas offering by Laura A. DeMeritte	5.00
Pittsfield aux. for "Nettie"	6.25
Portland two for child in S. O.	25.00
Scarboro aux. for Midnapore work	3.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Alton ladies for education of Esther	4.75
Bristol aux. for child in India	6.25
Center Sandwich aux.	9.75
Franklin Falls aux. Miss Butts and Dom. Sci. Storer	5.00
Hampton Pearl Seekers	8.00
Hampton aux.	2.50
New Hampton aux. Miss Butts	5.00
Pittsfield aux.	2.00
Rochester juniors	2.00
Walnut Grove aux.	1.00
Wolfeboro Q. M. aux.	10.00
Wolfeboro Falls aux.	16.00

VERMONT.

Orange Co. W. M. S. Dr. Smith	3.62
Sutton aux. Dr. Smith	10.00
W. Charleston aux. and S. S.	5.00

CONNECTICUT.

Durham Christmas gift and T. O. from Mrs. C. P. Griffin	5.00
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NEW YORK.

Fabius Mrs. Annie S. D. Bates a Christmas offering	1.00
W. Oneonta aux. Pulmoni	15.00
W. Oneonta aux. zenana work	10.00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington Geo. William Cook, Jr., contents of dolly bank25
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PENNSYLVANIA.

Spartansburg Mrs. O. A. Rogers	1.50
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OHIO.

Rio Grande Ruth E. Brockett a New Year's T. O.	10.00
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ILLINOIS.

Tamaroa W. M. S. dues	\$2.50
Uniontown F. W. B. W. M. S. fees	17.00

MICHIGAN.

Batavia W. M. S. aux. Miss Moody's special	2.00
Cook's Prairie aux. Storer College	1.25
Fairfield W. M. S. Miss Moody's special	6.00
Hillsdale W. M. S. Miss Moody's special	2.00
Kibbie Dorothy Pearl Chase C. R.	1.00
Litchfield aux. F. M. and H. M. Storer	3.00
No. Reading W. M. S. aux. Miss Moody's special	1.00
Onsted W. M. S. Miss Moody's special	1.00

MINNESOTA.

Winnebago City F. B. S. S. for pledge	1.00
Winona W. M. S. Miss Moody's special	4.00
Winona S. S. birthday box for Miss Barnes	1.60
Winona aux. for F. M.	4.50
"Daughters of a beloved mother" for Ludia at Midnapore	25.00

IOWA.

Cedar Valley Q. M. Miss Scott	1.50
Central City aux. Miss Scott	7.00
Fairbank aux. Miss Scott	6.00
Hillsboro Miss Scott	5.00
Hillsboro aux. 1-2 H. M. 1-2 F. M. Miss Scott	5.00
Lamont aux. for Miss Scott	2.50
Spencer aux. for Miss Scott	3.00
Waubeek aux. for Miss Scott	3.15
Wilton Junction Christmas offering of friend of missions	3.00

MISSOURI.

Keytesville Mrs. M. H. Hunter for F. M.	3.00
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Westmount to the credit of Fanny Moulton Fund for F. M. by Mrs. Betsy Moulton	5.00
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Income Curtis Fund for Inc. Fund	25.00
Income for Inc. Fund	17.50
For sale of Sinclair memorial	1.20

Total \$389.27

NOTE.—The credit of \$25 for Phurdie in S. O. in October Receipts should have been as follows: Portland, Me., primary dept. of S. S. for Phurdie \$25.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.

